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Springbomb, Who

Tom Wayman

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Two Poems *Packard*

TOM WAYMAN

Springbomb

Alder, birch, mountain ash detonate
on the hills or alongside the roads.
Each explosion generates green clouds
that feather away at the edges.
These blasts trigger hazel and larch,
merge with the continuous eruption
of the ridges' fir, hemlock, pine
until the valley resounds
with an incessant green concussive roar.

Who

Who left me
alone with the meadow's frosted blades,
shriveled leaves of the squash,

and cafe tables
chained to an icy patio railing
until a May I'll never see?

Am I discarded,
the rest gone on? Or am I meant
to herd something forward?

What abandoned me
to watch a stream of mist
hover over the river?

Why does no other isolation
stand at my side
to listen to the whitening of the fields?